

OCTOBER

NO. 17

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PUBLISHED BY NEWMAN MAGAZINE CO., INC., 120 E. 12th St., New York 3, N.Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 1, 1934, Post Office at New York, N.Y., under No. 104. Accepted for mailing at special rate of \$1.00 per copy provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1948. Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to POLICE COMICS, NEWMAN MAGAZINE CO., INC., 120 E. 12th St., New York 3, N.Y. Copyright © 1948 by Newman Magazine Co., Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

THE BLACK CONDOR



A FLYING ENEMY
OF ALL EVIL,
THE BLACK CONDOR
ALSO DOUBLES FOR
A MURDERED SENATOR,
TOM WRIGHT... THIS
IMPERSONATION IS
KNOWN TO ONLY DR.
FOSTER, FATHER OF
WENDY, THE DEAD
SENATOR'S FIANCEE.



THE BLACK CONDOR, NOW AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, DELIVERS A FIERY SPEECH TO HIS COLLEAGUES....

AND PASSAGE OF THIS BILL WOULD CREATE TROUBLE ON EVERY INDIAN RESERVATION!



IN THE FOSTER STUDY, WENDY AND HER FATHER LISTEN TO THE SPEECH, IN GRAVE REFLECTION....

AND GENTLEMEN, I'LL FIGHT THIS BILL TO THE LAST DITCH!

DEAR TOM... I KNOW HE'LL PROTECT THOSE POOR INDIANS...



NEWSPAPER MEN BESEGE TOM OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL...

HOLD IT, SENATOR

WILL YOU LOOK THE INDIAN BILL SIR?



YOU MAY QUOTE ME ON THIS... I'LL DEFEAT IT IF IT'S HUMANLY POSSIBLE!!



SOON AFTER... TOM ENTERS HIS APARTMENT... THE PHONE RINGS...



BUT AS HE ANSWERS IT...

HELLO... YES... OH, HELLO, WENDY... ULP...

YEAH... HELLO!



SAY... WHAT IS THIS? WHO...??

EASY! TH' BOSS SAID NOT T' CROAK YA!



WRIGHT CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW

AND I GUESS YOUR BOSS IS JASPAR CROW!



HE'S A GONER... IT'S A TEN STORY DROP!

WELL... SAVES US A LOTTA TROUBLE!



BUT, AS HE DROPS, THE MILD SENATOR BECOMES THE BLACK CONDOR!



I'LL LET 'EM THINK I KILLED MYSELF!

THERE ARE 400,000 INDIANS AT TEN BUCKS A HEAD - GRAVY, EH?

WE GET IT, BOSS!



HE ROARS OVER MOUNT SHROUDED WASHINGTON



TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, IN THE FOSTER HOME...



WENDY, THAT INDIAN TAX BILL PASSED WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE... I WONDER WHY TOM...

MEANWHILE... JASPAR CROW, CROOKED POLITICIAN AND AUTHOR OF THE INDIAN TAX BILL, INSTRUCTS HIS WIRELINGS...



YOU'LL GO TO THE INDIANS AND COLLECT \$10 A HEAD FROM THEM.

AN' BEAT THE GOVERNMENT.



AMOUNTS TO FOUR MILLION DOLLARS!! EH, JASPAR?



WHO?? IN WHAT??

PICKING THE INDIANS' POCKETS, EH?



CROW WILDLY DASHES OUTSIDE TO A CAR...

IT WON'T WORK, CROW!!

RANKIN!! QUICK, GET GOING!



THE CAR ROARS AWAY... BUT...



YOU WON'T ESCAPE YOUR CONSCIENCE, CROW!

AS CROW CRINGES INSIDE THE CAR...

TH... TH... BLACK CONDOR!!

WHILE RESIDENT OFFICIALS AT A LARGE INDIAN RESERVATION VIEW THE TAX BILL IS SERIOUS...

IT'S SILLY! THE INDIANS WON'T FORK OVER \$10 A HEAD!

THEY'LL FIGHT FIRST!

TRIBAL CHIEFS GATHER IN A COUNCIL TO DISCUSS THE NEW TAX BILL...

WHITE MEN IN WASHINGTON MAKE MISTAKE!

BAD ENOUGH THAT THEY STEAL OUR LANDS!

BUT, FLEETHAWK... IT IS A LAW... IT'S MY DUTY TO...

YOU TELL WHITE BOSSES WE NO PAY!!

SEMI-MODERN YOUNG INDIAN MEN AIR THEIR VIEWS...

NO... I AGREE... THE TAX IS NOT FAIR!

GRAFTERS MUST BE BEHIND THIS!

AT A LONELY SPOT JASPAR CROW INSTRUCTS HIS MEN WHO WEAR FOREST RANGERS UNIFORMS...

WE'LL GET STARTED WITH YOUR COLLECTING!

OKAY!

REFUSE TO PAY... THESE AMERICANS ALWAYS CHEATED YOU... STRIKE BACK!!

YES, THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET EVEN!

MAYBE YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH!



WHITE MAN!
DIE!!

SO WITH ARMS SUPPLIED THEM
BY THE FOREIGN SPIES, THE
INCITED INDIANS MADLY GO ON
THE WARPATH, BURNING, KILL-
ING AND
WRECKING...

H...NO!!
Noona!
DON'T!

THE REIGN OF TERROR
SPREADS TO EVERY
RESERVATION...



NEWS-STAR
**TAX BILL CAUSES BIG
INDIAN UPRISING**
TIMES BULLETIN

**MANY MASSACRED IN
BLOODY RAIDS. TROOPS
SENT TO STOP THEM**

POST-STAR **WORLD
TOWNS NEAR RESERVATION
BEING EVACUATED**

INDIANS
ON WAR
FOOTING



IN HIS
APARTMENT
THE CONDOR-
SENATOR SHEDS HIS
OUTER CLOTHES...

THIS UPRISING
SEEMS LIKE A
JASPAR CROW
JOB



OR MAYBE
SOME OTHER
GENIUS BEAT
CROW TO
THE PUNCH!



AND THE FOREIGN
AGENTS KEEP ALIVE
THE SPIRIT OF HATE...

ALL OVER
THE INDIANS
ARE WINNING!
KILL OFF
THE WHITES!



YES...
EVERY
BRAVE MUST
BE CALLED
OUT. OUR
HOUR OF
REVENGE
IS
HERE!



BUT A TALL BRONZED
MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STEPS
OUT NEAR THE FIRE

NO MEN! THAT MAN LIES
YOU CAN'T
WIN!
SOLDIERS
ARE...

THE INDIANS STARE IN MUTE AMAZEMENT AT THE STRANGER SPEAKER... HE IS THE BLACK CONDOR... THE FOREIGN ADVENTURER LEAPS FORWARD...

SEIZE THIS DEVIL! HE'S HERE TO DESTROY YOU!

WHO IS HE?

THE SPY IS SENT HURLING BACKWARD FROM THE CONDOR'S LIGHTNING JAM-BREAKER...

WAIT! I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!

I'LL SHOW YOU MY POWER... THE GREAT WHITE FATHER SENT ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE WRONG!

THE STRANGER POINTS A BLACK RAY PISTOL AT A TREE-TOP... IT BURSTS INTO FLAME.

SEE!! THE GREAT WHITE FATHER'S POWER... I CAN KILL YOU! ALL WITH IT!

HE'S A GREAT MEDICINE MAN!

MAYBE WE SHOULD OBEY HIM!

TIED TO A TREE IS AN INDIAN YOUTH... HE HUMBLER TO THE CONDOR...

PSSST!! CUT ME LOOSE!!

WHEN THESE ROPES FALL... JUST GRAB HOLD OF ME!

THE GROSSY SPY IS FIRST TO YELL AT WHAT NEXT TAKES PLACE...

MEN!! LOOK!! HE'S TAKING YOUR PRISONER!! HE'S FLYING!!

AND WITH THE QUIKING INDIAN YOUTH THE BLACK CONDOR IS UP IN THE AIR... ARROWS MISS HIM ON ALL SIDES...

I KNEW THEY WERE WRONG TO LISTEN TO THAT FOREIGN MAN... I TRIED TO STOP THEM... THEY GOT MAD.

WHY DO THEY TIE YOU UP DOWN THERE?

THE CONDOR AND HIS RACE-
BROOD LAND ON A HILLTOP.

YOUR INDIAN
PEOPLE ARE TOO
INFLAMED TO STOP
NOW. THEY'RE
WAR-MAD!

YES.
THEY'RE
BLOWING
UP THE
COLVILLE
DAM TONIGHT.



WARNED BY THE CONDOR,
THE GOVERNOR CALLS OUT THE
NATIONAL GUARD.

CAPTAIN CATO...
GET EVERY MAN
OUT TO COLVILLE.



A LONG LINE OF INDIANS RIDE
SINGLE-FILE THROUGH THE NIGHT.



TWO OF THEM DISMOUNT NEAR
THE BASE OF THE GREAT DAM.
ONE CARRIES A SMALL KEG
OF DYNAMITE...



NOW WE GO
AND BLOW UP
SANTA FE
STATION!



AS MOUNTED NATIONAL
GUARDSMEN APPROACH THE
DAM...

WE'RE TOO LATE...THE
INDIANS ARE RIDING
AWAY...THEY'VE SET
THE EXPLOSIVE!!



BUT OUT OF THE SKY AND
TOWARD THE DAM FLIES
THE BLACK CONDOR.

MEN!!
LOOK!!



SECONDS LATER HE AGAIN
SCALES SKYWARD WITH THE KES.

FROM A GREAT HEIGHT THE DYNAMITE KEG IS DROPPED INTO THE DAM, BLOWING A GEYSER OF WATER INTO THE SKY.

I'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE MADMEN!

THE INDIANS GALLUP TOWARD A GREAT IRON ELEVATOR, BENT ON DESTROYING IT.

THE RAY PISTOL MIGHT...

THE CONDOR SENDS DOWN BOLT AFTER BOLT FROM HIS BLACK RAY PISTOL.

FIRE FROM SKY!

GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES!! WHITE FATHER COMMANDS IT!

THE GUARDSMEN WATCH THE FLEEING INDIANS.

THE FIRE FROM THE SKY SCARED 'EM STIFF... LOOK AT THEM GO!

MEANWHILE...

THAT SPEEDING CAR! BET IT'S THE FOREIGN AGENT MAKING HIS GETAWAY!

THE DEAD MAN IS PLUCKED FROM THE SEAT.

THE CONDOR SPOTS A PLANE AHEAD.

THAT PLANE IS GOING TO TAKE YOU TO PRISON, RAL!

ALMOOPH!

SOON THE FLYING MAN IS TUGGING AT THE PLANE'S CABIN DOOR.



Molly the Model



Molly the Model



TOR

THE MAGIC MASTER

BY FRED GUARDNEER

TIM SLADE, ROYAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, IS SECRETLY TOR, THE MAGIC MASTER. AT THE MOMENT HE IS TAKING PICTURES OF ALLIGATORS AND WILD LIFE IN THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP OF SOUTHERN GEORGIA.

THIS WILL MAKE
A SWELL SHOT FOR
THE BOSS'S NATURE
COLLECTION!



SUDDENLY OVERHEAD A MYSTERIOUS SEAPLANE APPEARS...



AND GLIDES TO A LANDING ABOUT
A MILE AWAY.



HE'S LAND-
ING OVER BACK OF
THAT
ISLAND!

I DON'T LIKE THIS.
THERE'S SOME-
THING SUSPICIOUS
ABOUT THAT PLANE.
I'M GOING TO HAVE
A LOOK!



IN THE SHADOW OF A BIG CYPRESS TREE JIM QUICKLY BECOMES TOR

I'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO FIT MY MAGIC AGAINST ANY TROUBLE!



CAUTIOUSLY TOR MAKES HIS WAY OVER THE MARSHY ISLAND

THERE'S THE PLANE!



GEE - QUITE A LAYOUT... I'LL SNAP A PICTURE!



QUIETLY HE PEEKS IN THE WINDOW

THE PILOT AND A STRANGE WOMAN!



INSIDE THE CABIN.

HAVE YOU GOT THE PLANS FOR THAT BOMB SIGHT?

JA, FRITZ, HERE THEY ARE - AND NOBODY SAW ME ROW OUT TO MEET YOU HERE!



GOOD WORK, KAREN WE'LL FLY THESE TO OUR ARMED RAIDER HIGH-IG JUST OFF SHORE!



IMMEDIATELY THE MAGICIAN RUNS TOWARD THE PLANE.

I'LL HIDE ABOARD - I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK AT THAT RAIDER, BUT FIRST -



I TSUM EMOCEB A ELTTIL NAM!



AND TOR CHANGES HIMSELF INTO A LITTLE REPUCA OF HIMSELF!

I'LL RIDE HERE ON THE PONTON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE
SEAPLANE RISES ABOVE THE
SWAMP.



HEADING OUT TO SEA THE
PLANE FLIES TO A SHIP
WAITING FAR BELOW.



THE PLANE LANDS ALONG-
SIDE THE BOAT...



IT IS SOON HOISTED ON DECK.



AS THE PLANE IS MADE FAST,
TOR SCURRIES ALONG THE
DECK OF THE NOW MOVING
SHIP.



AS HE DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT
ONE OF THE SAILORS SEES HIM!



I TELL YOU I
SAW A LITTLE
MAN RUN OUT
OF THAT
PLANE!

GO ON, HANS—
YOU'VE BEEN
DRINKING
AGAIN!



TINY TOR STEALS INTO THE
EMPTY WHEEL HOUSE!



AS ITS RUDDER IS TURNED
THE SHIP LURCHES!



TOR QUICKLY GESTURES AT THE WHEEL -

EZEERF
TSAF, O GNIREETS
LEEHW!



OBEYING THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE WHEEL REMAINS RIGIDLY IN PLACE

WE CAN'T BUDGE IT - THE RUDDER MUST BE STUCK!



DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF THE CREW, THE COMMERCE RAIDER TURNS ONLY IN DIZZY CIRCLES!



THAT LITTLE MAN - THERE HE GOES UP THE RIGGING!



HIGH UP IN THE "CROW'S NEST" TOR SNAPS PICTURES OF THE BEDUDDLED CREW!



RESUMING HIS NORMAL SHAPE HE GESTURES AT THE MAST!

WORG GNOL DNA
DNEB REVO EHT
AES!



AT TOR'S COMMAND THE MAST BEGINS TO GROW... AND BEND!



THE TURNING SHIP SENDS THE MAST IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES...



UNTIL IT CARRIES TOR FAR OVER THE HORIZON NEAR A COASTAL SUN ON SHORE!



AS HE SWINGS OVER THE GUN HE JUMPS FROM THE MAST...

HE LANDS ON THE BIG GUN!

AT WHAT?

AT A NAZI RAIDER OUT THERE...WITH STOLEN BOMB-SIGHT PLANS!

IT'S TOR THE MAGICIAN!

GET READY TO FIRE!



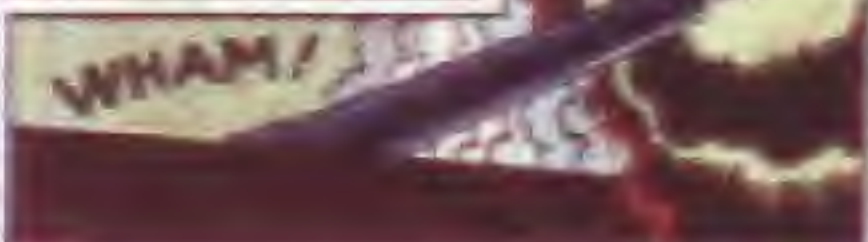
I SEE IT / RANGE 20 MILES EAST!

RAPIDLY THE BIG CANNON IS AIMED AND A GIANT SHELL LOADED INTO THE BRECK!

RIGHT AT THE WATERLINE THE EXPLOSIVE HITS!



WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE GUN SLAMS A SHELL OUT TO SEA AT ITS CIRCLING TARGET!



IMMEDIATELY TOR SPEEDS OUT IN A RESCUE BOAT AND PHOTOGRAPHS THE SINKING RAIDER

LATER, TOR, NOW JIM BLADE, REPORTS BACK TO HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE

THERE SHE GOES!

CHIEF, HOW DID YOU LIKE THOSE SHOTS I SENT IN?

SWELL! I CAN SEE HOW YOU'D GET ALLIGATOR SHOTS, BUT HOW THE DEUCE DID YOU SNAP THAT RAIDER THAT WAS DISCOVERED BY TOR THE MAGICIAN!



Tor, Magic Master, appears again in the November issue of CRACK COMICS.

THE

SPACE LEGION

AND
THE
MAN WITH
THE
TERRIBLE MACHINE



A VEHICLE RACES MADLY OVER THE
RAMPS OF THE MODERN CITY OF
COSMO. IT BEGINS TO SWERVE...



A
CRASH
QUICKLY
FATHERS

STEP BACK! STEP
BACK. CAN'T YA
SEE HE'S HURT. GIVE
'EM AIR!!

SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IS
GOING TO HAPPEN.
STOP MAN WITH
DEATH MACHINE!
NO ONE SAFE.
GET, GASP!

CRASH!



AS THE FRENZIED VICTIM GASPS
AWAY HIS LIFE A HUGE APPLAUDATION
SEEMS TO HISSER AROUND LAUGHING



COMMANDER RAY CROSSBY OF THE
SPACE LEGION RECEIVES THE IMPRISON
REPORT...



A VOICE BOOMS FROM A DARK CORNER...



THE MADMAN NOW LUNGES TOWARD
THE WINDOW, BUT DOESN'T GET FAR





I HAVE MY MACHINE SET TO GO OFF IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR. IF I AM NOT RELEASED YOU WILL HAVE LESS TIME TO LIVE!

LET HIM GO!



WE WILL WITHHOLD THE NEWS, WHETHER HE HAS THE MACHINE OR NOT, WE CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE BUT FOLLOW HIM!



HE'S EXPECTING PURSUIT SO I'LL BE CAUTIOUS!



THERE HE GOES, HEADING WEST!



SUDDENLY A GROUP OF STEADSHIPS APPEAR AND POUNCE ON ROCK BRADON

STOP THAT WAS CLOSE!



THESE SHIPS ARE TRYING TO STOP ME FROM FINDING HIS LAIR. SO THERE'S MORE THAN ONE IN THIS!



TIME FOR A LITTLE SCRAPPING!



IN RAPID SUCCESSION ROCK SHOTS DOWN ALL OF THE ATTACKERS...

JUST LIKE SHOOTING CLAY PIGEONS!

NOW FOR...?
HE'S GONE, SLIPPED
AWAY DURING THE
FIGHT!!

NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY OF COSMO
AND THE SPACE LEBRON CONTINUES ITS
RELINQUENT SEARCH...

AT THE SAME TIME A VOICE ISSUES
FROM A HIDDEN LAIR IN
A WORLD-WIDE BROADCAST...

PEOPLE OF EARTH, YOU HAVEN'T
LONG TO LIVE, FOR SOON I AM
GOING TO DESTROY THAT PLANET!
I WILL STOP YOUR CEASELESS
STRIKE AND HATE. ALL MANKIND
SHALL PERISH FOREVER!!

ROCK
BRADDOON
IS EVER
ALERT.

I'VE GOT
TO FIND HIM.
I'VE GOT TO!

THE FRIGHTFUL NEWS SPREADS
PANIC OVER THE WORLD...
GREAT ANXIETY...
SLACID'S MOUNT?

EASY, ROCK.
YOU DIDN'T
CALL YET, HAD
THIS??

PURE, PURE. I
AM DR. DREAM.
I KNOW HOW TO
STOP THIS MADMAN
FROM DESTROYING
THE EARTH.

SOUNDS QUEER, BUT
HE MUST HAVE A POWERFUL
ELECTRIC MACHINE SOMEWHERE
WHICH EXPLODES THE ATOMS
OF ALL THE ELEMENTS ON EARTH
BUT I CAN STOP HIM!

THERE IS ONLY ONE ELEMENT
THAT CAN COUNTERACT HIS
MACHINE... THAT IS GOLD!! I WILL NEED TONS
OF IT TO PERFORM THIS
MIRACLE!!

WELL,
RIGHT NOW
THERE CANNOT
BE ANY THOUGHT
OF WEALTH
OR GREED.

SOON FROM MOUNTS ALL OVER THE
WORLD, GOLD IS SENT TO DR.
DREAM'S EARTH-SAVING MACHINE.

STAND BACK,
THEN I PULL THIS LEVER
THE GOLD WILL BECOME
ATOMS AND SENT
THROUGH THE AIR!



SLAP HAPPY

BY
RALPH JOHNS

SLAP
HAPPY

AM WONDER
WHAT TROUBLE
I'LL GET
INTO ON
THIS PAGE!



THAT'S
FOR
ME!



ENTER THE NEW
YOGI CONTEST FOR
LARGEST FEET.
PRIZE \$30 A
MONTH FOR A
WHOLE YEAR.

YOU START THE
YOGI CONTEST ON
THAT MAIL WALK.
GOOD LUCK!



THIS IS NO
WORSE
THAN MY
KITCHEN
FLOOR!

AM COMING TO A BROKEN
GLASS PATH. I'LL PULL
A TRICK AND COP THIS
CONTEST EASY. \$30
A MONTH FOR ONE
YEAR. OH BOY!



ONE SLIP
AND THEY'LL
BE CALLIN'
ME SCAR-
FACE!



RED HOT STONES! HOT
FOOT FLOOGIE WITH A
FLOY DOY!



WAL, AM
FINISHED.
WHERE'S
MY FIRST
\$30?

COLLECT
FROM
THE
GUY AT
THE DESK!



SURE YOU GET \$30 A MONTH FOR
A WHOLE YEAR. FROM THE
ARMY. YOU JUST PASSED THE
NEW RECRUITING TEST!

THE RED TORPEDO

The Black Shark

DREW ALLEN

INVENTOR OF THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON ON LAND, SEA OR IN THE AIR, THE RED TORPEDO WAGES CONTINUOUS WAR AGAINST ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY. IN HIS LAST ADVENTURE, THE RED TORPEDO'S BITTEREST RIVAL, THE BLACK SHARK, CAPTURED THE FAMOUS CRAFT. NOW THE RED TORPEDO TRIES TO GET IT BACK.



THE RED TORPEDO PREPARES TO STORM BLACK SHARK'S HIDEAWAY IN A NAVY PLANE.

AIMING THE PLANE AT THE SHARK'S HEADQUARTERS, THE RED TORPEDO CLIMBS OUT ONTO A WING AND JUMPS.



THE DEADLY PLANE PLUNGETS
TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE
SHARK'S STRONGHOLD.



THE SHARK'S
MEN FIRE AT
THE DESCENDING RED
TORPEDO.



I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME
ARTFUL DODGING TO ESCAPE
THESE BULLETS!



BUT HIS CHUTE IS PIERCED
IN A DOZEN PLACES.



A PALM TREE BREAKS THE
TORPEDO'S FOLLENT DESCENT.



THE SHARK'S MEN RUSH
TOWARD HIM.



I'LL
LET 'EM
CAPTURE ME
ALIVE AND
THEN...

I'M YOUR
PRISONER.
MEN!
TAKE ME
TO YOUR
LEADER!



CURSE YOU RED! YOU
WRECKED MY WHOLE
PLACE... BUT YOU'LL
PAY FOR IT THIS
TIME!



TAKE IT
EASY.
SHARK'S
TEMPER
WILL DO
YOU NO
GOOD!

THE SHARK CONSULTS HIS
TARTAR EXPERT ON TORTURE.



I'VE GOT A SPECIAL
SUBJECT FOR YOU
SINCE I WANT
SOMETHING
EXTRA GOOD!

EXCELLENCY, WE COULD
PUT HIM IN A CAGE
WITH STARVING
RATS... NO?
WE'LL THEN
LET US STAKE
HIM OUT ON
THE BEACH
TO FEED THE
CANNIBAL
CRABS!



RED IS FINALLY OVERCOME.



AND IS FASTENED DOWN ON
THE SAND... TO AWAIT DEATH
WHILE HIS TORMENTORS
LOOK ON.



SOON THE CRABS, SCENTING
FOOD, COME FROM THE SURF.



BUT THE TIDE HAS BEEN RISING
AND SUDDENLY A GREAT WAVE
ENGULFS THE STRAND.



IT LOOSENS THE STRAPS.
WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT THE
RED TORREDO PULLS FREE.



WITH A HAIL OF BULLETS,
HE DIVES INTO THE SEA.



HE GOT
AWAY!
FIRE!
FIRE!

THE RED TORPEDO COMES OUT
AT A DISTANT BEACH.



WHERE HE KNOWS HIS CRAFT
IS MOORED.



AH, A
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE!



HERE'S A
WARM
WELCOME
FROM ME!

BUT JUST AS HE PUSHES HIS
CRAFT INTO THE SEA, THE
SHARK APPEARS.



STOP,
RED, OR
I'LL
SHOOT
YOU
DOWN!

RED LETS THE SHARK COME
CLOSE AND THEN...



GET IN
THERE,
SHARK.
YOU'RE
GOING
FOR A
RIDE!



I'LL JUST
PUT YOU TO
SLEEP BEFORE
WE START!



NOW
HE'LL BE
QUIET
TILL WE
GET
BACK!

THE TORPEDO RISES INTO THE
AIR AND HEADS FOR HAWAII.



RED DIVES ON, UNAWARE THAT THE BLACK SHARK HAS COME TO.



STEALTHILY, HE REACHES FOR THE RED TORPEDO'S THROAT.



BUT...



AS THEY STRUGGLE, THE HATCH BECOMES OPENED.



AND ONE FROM ME!



THE FORCE OF RED'S BLOW FLINGS THE SHARK OVERBOARD.



THIS SPAR COMES IN HANDY... AS FOR YOU RED, YOU'VE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ME!



RED REACHES HIS CRAFT ON A SECRET ISLAND.



WELL I'VE GOT BACK MY TORPEDO AND I'M THROUGH WITH THE SHARK AT LAST!

The Red Torpedo will thrill you further November issue of CRACK COMICS









Alias *the* SPIDER

by
Frank
Johnson

YOUNG TOM HALLAMBY IN HIS ROLE OF ALIAS THE SPIDER IS ALWAYS TO BE FOUND WHERE THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE IS THE MOST FURIOUS. WITH HIS DEADLY BOW HE HAS YET TO FEEL DEFEAT BY THE LAWLESS.

COMMUNICATION CENTERS ARE CRASHED. SUBWAYS AND SURFACE CARS COME TO A STOP. BATTERIES IN AUTOMOBILES ARE USELESS AND CONFUSION GRIPS THE PEOPLE

THE GLITTERING LIGHTS OF MANHATTAN SUDDENLY ARE THE SILENT IN DARKNESS

THEN A MYSTERIOUS ORANGE GREEN GAS STEEPS FROM SEWERS AND MAN-HOLES



AMIDST THE TURMOIL, STRANGE GREEN SHAPES CLIMB FROM THE SEWERS. A HOARD OF MONSTER MEN CROON BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST.



THEIR WEAPONS BELCH BLAZING GREEN RAYS SWEEPING DOWN HUNDREDS AS THEY FLEE FROM ONE SAFETY TO ANOTHER.



DISPETER IS PANIC-STRICKEN IN THE HIGHEST CITY OF ALL.



QUIVERING PEOPLE GATHER IN THE FEW SAFE PLACES, A FUTURE FIGHTER ALONE TRYING TO OVERCOME THE ENEMIES.



IT'S TOM HALLWAY, ALIAS THE SPIDER!



TIME AND AGAIN HE IS PRESSED DOWN ONLY TO RISE MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE.



WHAT THE ONE OF THESE THINGS IS CARRYING A GIRL DOWN INTO A SEWER!



OUT OF MY WAY YOU CLAP-EARED BARBON!





DO YOU THINK I WOULD
STAY HERE IF I THOUGHT
I WERE IN DANGER?
LOOK, HER LIFE DEPENDS
ON MINE!

WHY YOU...

AND SO DOES
EVERYONE IN NEW
YORK! THEY'RE
NOT DEAD FROM
GAS JUST PARAL-
YZED. I ALONE
KNOW HOW TO
BRING THEM OUT
OF IT. IF I DIE SO
DO THEY. IN 24 HOURS

OUR GREENE! WANT?
BALL, WHAT? HA HA HA! MY
DO YOU? SON, I HAVE IT
WANTED! THE WORLD AT MY
FINGER TIPS. ABSO-
LUTE CONTROL! NO
ONE FOOL ENOUGH
TO STOP ME!

YOUR SO-
CALLED DIC-
TATORS WILL
BE MICE WHEN
THEY LEARN I
TOOK NEW
YORK IN 17
MINUTES!

MY CAVERNS CIRCLE
THE EARTH! THE
PRESS OF A BUTTON
ON MY CONTROL
BOARD WILL CAUSE
THE DESTRUCTION OF
EVERY CITY IN THE
WORLD!

AS FOR MY
WEAPONS, I USE
THE ELEMENT!
MORE POWERFUL
THAN ANY DEVICE
MADE BY MAN! MY
ARMY, A HUNDRED
MILLION STRONG,
WAITING IN TUNNELS
ALL OVER THE WORLD
FOR WORD
TO STRIKE!

YOU SEE, MY
BRAIN IS THERE
BRAIN CON-
TROLLED BY
COSMIC RAYS AND
ELECTRICAL
IMPULSES. I'VE
A SET

WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH THE
GIRL AND
ME? TO
SEE
IF I
CAN PUT
THE BODIES OF
YOU OF THE UPPER
WORLD UNDER
THE CONTROL
OF MY BRAIN
TOO!

NOW THAT YOU KNOW
HOW YOU STAND, WILL
YOU STAKE MY LIFE
AGAINST EVERY
LIFE IN NEW YORK?
HA HA HA!

YES!

WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME, MY
SON. AGAINST YOUR
GUN. NOW DRAW,
YOU YELLOW-
LIVERED
COYOTE!

B-BUT YOU
MATCH MY GUN
AGAINST THAT
THAT TOY!
FOOL, I
SHOOT FASTER
THAN ANY MAN
IN MY WHOLE
ARMY!

DRAW
YOUR
GUN
BEFORE I
CUT YOU
IN
TWO!

THE LEADER OF
THE GREEN
HOARD
CLASHES A GUN.

BUT THE SPIDER'S BOW
STREAKS UPWARD.

A BLINDING
GREEN FLASH
FILLS THE
ROOM.



IF YOU
DIDN'T
KILL
ME?

NO, I DIDN'T
WANT TO.
I MATCHED
MY LIFE, NOT
THE LIVES OF
THE PEOPLE
IN NEW
YORK!

AND,

YOU'RE NOT
HURT, I
ONLY CUT
THE GUN OUT
OF YOUR
HAND!



WHAT?
AKATCHA!
HIYEE!



AT THE BELL
ING CALL, MEN
OF THE GREEN
HOARD RUSH
FROM SECRET DOORS
AT THE SPIDER.



HA-HA-HA-HO-
HO! MY MEN
CAN'T HOLD HIM.
HE'S COMING
FOR ME!



ALL RIGHT, RAT,
START RUNNING!



WITH THE SPIDER
CLOSE AT HIS HEELS
THE LEADER OF THE
GREEN HOARD RUNS
FOR THE GIGANTIC
CONTROL ROOM.







THE PLANES ENGAGE EACH OTHER IN MOCK DOGFIGHTS USING CAMERAS TO RECORD THEIR HITS INSTEAD OF REAL BULLETS



SOON THE AIR ABOVE THE FIELD IS FULL OF ROARING, STUNTING TRAINING PLANES



YOU'VE GOT SOME GOOD PILOTS IN THAT BUNCH, MAJOR!



SUDDENLY...ONE OF THE STUNTING SHIPS WHIVERS...SMOKE STREAMS BACK FROM THE FUSELAGE



ONE OF THOSE PLANES IS AFIRE...ORDER OUT THE CRASH WAGON...HURRY!



REALIZING HE'S TOO LOW TO BAIL OUT, THE STUDENT LOWERS HIS WHEELS AND PREPARES TO LAND HIS BLAZING PLANE....



THE KID'S COMING IN DOWNWIND...HE'LL OVERSHOOT--



THE STUDENT'S PLANE BOUNCES ONCE...THE NOSE COMES DOWN...A WINGTIP TOUCHES...



...AND IT'S ALL OVER...



THE BOY'S DEAD...
I DREAD THESE
ACCIDENTS, TEX

I HAVE AN
IDEA THAT
WASN'T JUST
ANYOTHER
ACCIDENT,
MAJOR?

I NEVER HEARD OF A
PLANE CATCHING FIRE
BACK NEAR ITS TAIL
BEFORE...

HOWEVER, MAJOR, IT'S
BEST TO ORDER ALL PILOTS
INTO THE AIR AFTER A
CRASH LIKE THAT... IT
KEEPS 'EM FROM LOSING
THEIR NERVE... I'LL
LEAD A FLIGHT MYSELF

FINE
IDEA! I'LL
ORDER
THEM ALL
UP!!



SHE'S ALL WARMED
UP, SIR... RARIN'
TO GO

OKAY...
STAND
CLEAR!

FIVE PLANES, LED BY TEX, ROAR
ALOFT TO JOIN THE OTHERS

IF THESE KIDS SAT DOWN THERE
AND BROODED ABOUT THEIR
FRIEND BEING KILLED, THEY'D
HATE THE SIGHT OF A PLANE...



...BUT HOW COULD THAT FIRE
HAVE STARTED... IT'S A
MYSTERY TO... WHAT-TH---
HEY... NOW MY SHIP IS ON
FIRE...!

WHITE-HOT FLAME SPURTS
FROM THE SPACE RIGHT
BEHIND TEX'S SEAT...

WOY! THIS IS
GETTIN' HOT!!





AFTER
SEEKING THAT
FIRE, I BEGIN
TO GET THE
DEA. WAIT'LL
I GET DOWN
ON THE
GROUND...



...I'LL CRACK THIS
MYSTERY WIDE
OPEN?



TEX? YOU
OKAY?

THIS IS TERRIBLE...
THE SAME ACCIDENT
HAPPENING TWICE
WITHIN A HALF HOUR

DUCK... TAKE
ME BACK TO
THE FIELD!

MAJOR... I WANT YOU TO LINE
UP THE MEN WHO MADE UP THE
GROUND CREW FOR MY PLANE...
I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE...



WHAT'S UP,
TEX?

IF THIS TRICK DOESN'T
SHOW US WHO SABOTAGED
THOSE PLANES, I'LL BE
SURPRISED, CHUCK.



I STILL DON'T
GET THIS

HERE'RE YOUR
MEN, ADAMS...
WHAT DO YOU
HAVE IN MIND?



MAJOR... ONE OF
THESE MEN IS AN
ENEMY AGENT...

I'M GOING TO PERCE ONE OF
THESE WET PIECES OF PAPER
IN EACH MAN'S BACK POCKET...
ONLY THE GUILTY MAN IN THIS
LINE KNOWS WHAT WILL
HAPPEN WHEN THESE PAPERS
DRY OUT... IT WON'T TAKE
VERY LONG



MYSTIFIED, THE MEN STAND
PATIENTLY... SUDDENLY...



TAKE THAT PAPER
OUT OF MY POCKET...
I DON'T WANT TO
BURN...

STAND BACK, ALL OF YOU...
YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' ME YET...



HE'S GOT A
GUN!



SUDDENLY...ANOTHER
SHARP CURVE...A
NARROW BRIDGE....



...SCREAMING BRAKES...CRASHING
TIMBERS...AND THE BIG CAR
PLUNGED TO DESTRUCTION...
FAR BELOW



HE WAS DUE FOR THAT CRACK-UP
AFTER THE WAY HE WAS DRIVING



LATER

WHAT I DON'T
UNDERSTAND, TEX,
IS HOW YOU
EXPOSED THAT
SPY

HE WAS
USING
THERMITE
PAPERS
TO START
HIS FIRES



AS LONG AS THEY'RE KEPT WET,
THEY'RE HARMLESS...THAT'S
WHEN HE WOULD PUT THEM IN
THE STUDENTS' PLANES....



...WHILE THE PLANE WAS ALOFT,
THE PAPER DRIED OUT AND SET
THE SHIP ON FIRE...THE BRITISH
DROPPED THEM ON GERMANY
DURING...



BUT, TEX, WASN'T IT DANGEROUS
PUTTING THOSE THERMITE
PAPERS IN THE MEN'S POCKETS



HARDLY,
MAJOR

THE PAPERS I USED WERE
PIECES OF AN ORDINARY
CANDY BOX...BUT THE SPY
DIDN'T KNOW THAT



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DAVID BY A. W. 2000

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE
SAID THIS AROUND
BOB WITH NO
MONEY TO PAY
FOR IT

NEE, WE'VE GOT
TO PUT UP A SIGN
RIGHT IF WE EXPECT
THESE PEOPLE TO
THINK OUR BANDS
ARE GOOD!

BUT THE BAND HADN'T BEEN
HIRED - THERE HADN'T
BEEN A DANCE HERE
FOR MONTHS

POSS? I WERE
COMES THE LANDLORD
FOR SOME MONEY
AGAIN!

WILL TALK TO
MR. BLOOGSON -
I'LL BE IN A WAY
WITH THE
LADIES

I HOPE JAKE
MANAGES TO
BUTLE UP
SOME FOOD
FOR US!

LET'S GO AND NO DANCE
NAA - THE BOYS WILL
WANT DANCE
A WALTZ

IF YOU
DON'T WALTZ
DOWN TO THE DANCE
WITH YOUR KENT
BY NIGHTFALL
DUTY YOU GO!

GET YOUR THINKING
ON, BOB!

IT
SHOULD
HAVE
FOUR
FOR MY
EARS

WELL
COMES UP
- AND HE'S
GOTTA SHOW
OF SOMETHING

HOW'D YOU
MANAGE IT,
JAKE?

I LOOK
HONEST
THAT'S ALL
BUT WE
GOT TO GO
FOR IT
THOROUGH

THIS SOLOMON
IS POSITIVELY
DELICIOUS!

YOU MUST THINK
YOU'RE ON THE AIR -
SWEET - IT TASTES
LIKE SMOKE SMOKE
COVERS!

WELL, YEA
NEO BEAST -
LOOKS LIKE
THERE'S
SOMETHING
WORTH

WE'LL HAVE OUR
FRIENDS WRITE ON
RHYTHMICAL
LANDLORD SO
YOU WON'T HAVE
TO STRAIN
YOUR EYES

THE FROM
GAIL,
FELLOWS -
LISTEN TO THIS
- I'LL TELL YOU
THE BOYS ARE
PLAYING AT THE
BEST HOTELS -
AND DRINKING
MONEY FOR
ONE DANCE OF
FOUR IN YOUR
BAND!

TEN DUCKS
WHAT A DRUGGAT -
SHE HAD IT FIGURED
OUT THAT WE'RE NOT
EVEN EATING
REGULARLY

LEAVING SO SOON? YOU
BOYS WERE GETTING
TO BE JUST LIKE
OUR SONG

THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE AFRAID
OF!

AND WE
KNOW A LOT
OF BETTER TONES
TO STAY IN!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DAVID F. W. 1974



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Drawn by E. H. DORR

HONORA, IF JAMES
HATED AUST
LOOK!

WELL, BRANTON,
TOMMY SAID THEY
WANT ABOUT IN A
PLACE LIKE THIS ARE
THE CREW THAT GO
UNDER WOMEN
STOMACHS

I WOULDN'T BRACKET
BRANDS A SQUARE MEAL
—WOULD YOU, NED?

WELL, THAT
YOU ASK, NED,
I AM GETTING
A LITTLE TIRED
OF STEWARD
BUTTERCUP
RETAILS

BURBANK! HOORAY! (AND OTHER
SUITABLE ENCLAVATIONS—
I'VE FOUND A JOB
FOR US!)

GET YOUR
MEDICAL
INSTRUMENTS
SOME—LEAVE
GO!

NOT SO FAST,
NED—YOU WON'T
NEED YOUR
ADDEDON
FOR THIS!

THIS IS A LITTLE ROUGH, BUT
—BUT WE'VE GOT TO BAY—
IT'S DIGGING A
DITCH!

NOT ME!
I DON'T GO TO
COLLAGE TO BAY
THE FORDA SHOW
HANDLE OUT!

OKAY, TALL—BUT
REMEMBER—YOU
CAN'T BAY ON
IS!

WAIT A MINUTE,
GUYS—LET'S TALK
THIS THING OVER!

WE'RE ON THE FIVE-YARD LINE, SEE?
IT'S FOURTH DOWN—AND ONLY 18 BRICKS
LEFT TO PLAY—WHAT DO YOU
THINK HAPPENED?

I CAN'T GUESS—BUT I CAN
TELL YOU WHAT WILL
HAPPEN IF YOU PLAY
ANY MORE FOOTBALL
ON THIS JOB!

CONGRATULATIONS, BRANTON—
WHAT DID YOU THINK?

WELL, NED!

IT LIKE
TO TELL YOU
ABOUT THE
TOUCHEST GAMES
CARTER EVER
PLAYED—BUT
IT BETTER
GET BACK
TO WORK!

GO AHEAD—SHOOT—
THERE'S PLenty OF GUYS
TO DO THAT DITCH!



VALLEY of DOOM

BY LARRY SPAIN



The man's uncanny laughter shuddered through the night. It was weirdly inhuman, numbing. It issued from a toothless gash of mouth that should have been on a beast. Yet, Niko Huan was human—half Moro, half white.

"Gold!" came the hissing voice. "Always you white men want gold! Gold and greed. Hate comes after gold." Niko's voice grew furious. "But you'll find no gold in the Mindanao. You'll find only death!"

The moon, brimming silver radiance high over the pandanus, flooded Niko's bestial face, changed his eyes into coils of ice. A terrible haze glowed there. And the two white men, sitting on his veranda, experienced a shiver of horror. Niko was a dangerous man. They'd have to tread carefully.

"But there is gold, Mr. Huan," argued Eric Vale. "We've found a rich deposit back in the hills, and as we told you before we'll give you fifty per cent of it."

Niko's derisive laugh came again. "White men never keep their promises. Besides, you will die anyway. It's better that you go now." The strange man got up, moved away his half-burned cigar, and strode into the house without another word.

"Queer duck, what?" said jeweler Lee. Eric's engineer, as they walked down the hill toward the native village. "Gives me the creeps to hear him laugh."

"Yeah," replied Eric. "We'll have to watch him."

Barraga Valley! A paradise on the island of Mindanao, one of the most beautiful spots in the Philippines. Eric would never forget his first glimpse of it, from

high on Mt. Magolan, with the sun hurling golden lance into the vast sublimity of it, and the huge basin reflecting the light back like facets on an emerald.

Some squat Moro natives had traded the secrets of the valley for several bolts of red cloth. There was gold in Barraga! Much gold. A virgin deposit of it. Nobody knew, except a few Moros, and they wouldn't touch it. It was said. An evil god dwelt in the valley, it was said. The Moros were content to hunt in the lush jungles surrounding the Barraga, taking an occasional head on some unwary traveler.

The valley, Eric and Lee quickly discovered, was inaccessible except from a narrow cleft at the extreme north end. The rest of the great depression was walled in by towering basalt cliffs that rose more than a thousand feet. Two men could easily hold an army at bay from that cleft. The eastern top of the valley swept back in a wide mesa, cut by a mighty chasm some fifty feet across, and several hundred feet deep. There was no way to cross it. Gigantic ferns on crags fringed the eastern bank of the chasm. Beyond, the mesa fell away, dropping at last to the steaming jungles of the lowlands.

Yes, Barraga was impregnable.

It required five weeks to get the mining machinery into the valley, by pack train, and three more to set it up at the newly opened mine. Eric imported labor from the islands of Cebu and Negros; nobody on Mindanao would venture near the valley.

They pitched camp near the diggings and watched the fledgling mine blossom into a modern gold-producer. At night, the

natives, camped a hundred yards downstream, sang songs and played weird instruments and chanted incantations to keep the devil-devils away. It was all very peaceful.

Work started in the mine at last, and the valley reverberated with the purr of the steam engine and the clatter of the stamp mill. The natives sang as they toiled.

The mine shaft penetrated the east face of the valley. On the fifth night of operation, a huge boulder fell from the top of the cliff directly into a gang of workmen engaged in emptying the stamp mill. Three of them were crushed to death, several injured. The other natives gathered in groups and whispered that the devil-devil of Barraga was angry.

"Probably loosened by the



vibration of the engine," Lee deduced. "Too bad."

The next night, a little past midnight, Eric heard a rumbling roar just as he stepped out of the mine. He shouted a warning to the natives to run, then dashed back into the drift. He was just in time. A mighty avalanche of dirt and rocks plunged down the perpendicular walls, covering everything within a radius of ten yards.

Two hours later, Lee dug through the debris and grinned at Eric. "Unlucky" through the eye, old son!" he chuckled. "Some slide, huh? Not hurt, are you?"

"No," said Eric, wiping some of the thick dust off his face. "Of course, I could've bored on through the mountain. Listen, Jennifer, there's something queer

about all this. Both times stuff fell right on the mine. There have been no slides elsewhere."

"Just what I was thinking, Eric."

They walked over the heaps of rubbish and entered their tent. The natives were gradually regaining some of their composure and returning to their tasks, while a gang cleared away the debris.

"I'd be willing to gamble," said Eric, "that old Niko is at the bottom of this."

Lee nodded. "But how in blazes could anyone cross that chasm to get up there above us?"

"I don't know. And the chaps guarding the entrance of the valley haven't seen a soul."

It was a puzzle, all right.

And terror struck again that night. About ten o'clock a scream brought Eric and Jennifer out of their tent on the run. (In the bright moonlight, and the floodlight on the camp still, they saw a native groveling on the ground, a long spear sticking out of his back.) The poor chap was dead when they reached his side; the spear had gone clear through him, and into the hard ground. As they carried him to the stream, a veritable shower of spears whistled from aloft. Two of them found targets in workmen, and their screams of death drowned out the thuds as a score of steel-shod weapons sank into the ground, or glanced off the machinery.

Lee swore solidly. "Eric, we've got to stop this somehow, or we're licked!"

Eric said, "I've got an idea, Jennifer. Early in the morning I'll stake out at the foot of the hills below the mesa. They certainly don't stay up there all the time. I'll follow them up the slope and see how they manage to cross the chasm. Throw a stone into 'em."

So it was decided. That night, several of the laborers deserted. This, the white men reasoned, would cause suspicion and trouble. So, two hours before dawn, Eric talked to the other natives,

promising that there would be no further trouble from the devil-devil. He would slay him this very day!

Then he set off for the valley entrance. He covered the five miles to the foot of the mesa in less than an hour, and had just hidden in some bushes when he heard a group of men approaching. In the half light, he could see that they carried bundles. They passed him, and he fell in behind them, at a safe distance.

At the top of the mesa, near the edge of the chasm, the men halted. Eric had to remain several hundred yards in the rear as there was no protection between him



and the row of bushes at the chasm's edge. He watched those squat natives put down their burdens, then several of them climbed the trees, carrying coils of canvas rope. Carefully making his way around the northern edge of the mesa, Eric was able to see part of the deep gorge. Those natives in the trees were moving their ropes across the chasm, somehow bucking them to the scrub tops on the valley side.

Then he witnessed an astonishing thing: three of the little brown men stepped out on the raw ropes and nobly slipped across the awful depths, balancing themselves with spears, much as a tight-rope walker does. One slip and—Eric felt his stomach weaken.

They made the other side, and now he saw them mount, facing the other ends of the rope highways they had made. They slipped back presently; then four of them picked up bundles and started across. What was in those bundles?

Eric drew his pistol and fired twice. Two of the rope-walkers dropped their bundles, hesitated, then fled across the ropes. The next instant there was a terrific explosion from the bottom of the chasm.

"Dynamite!" gasped Eric. "So that's Niko's little plot! If I hadn't queried it, our mine and everybody down there would have been blown to bits. The fiend!"

Eric rose and began running across the mesa, firing as he ran. The natives scattered and bounded away toward the east, yelling like demons. Niko, who had remained in hiding during this interval, now jumped up and scampered after the brown men. When Eric reached the rope bridges, the mesa was deserted.

That was the beginning of the end of the reign of terror for Eric and Jennifer. That afternoon he went to the village of Bama and phoned the police.

It was two days later that the native constabulary rounded up Niko Haran and a score of his henchmen, and took them off to jail. They were good for a long time in prison.

"Well," said Jennifer Lee one evening after a particularly successful day, "I guess we're well rid of Niko and the Baronga Valley devil-devil, thanks to you, old hunk!"

Eric smiled. There was peaceful activity about the mine. The natives went about their tasks singing old war chants.

ANOTHER ERIC VALE MYSTERY
WORLD OF ICE
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
CRASH COMICS
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 17th



Enjoy Rube Goldberg's Side Show each month in CLACK COMICS.

SNAPPY



**MADAM
FATAL**



OLD SHIPPER
BUT HELD THE
KEY TO MILLIONS
IN SUNKEN GOLD—
WHEN DEATH
STEPPED IN, IT
WAS UP TO
RICHARD STANTON
EX-ACTOR, IN THE
ROLE OF THE
FEARED MADAM
KATL TO MEET
OUT A SWIFT
JUSTICE.....

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT WHEN A VISITOR CALLS ON RICHARD STANTON.

46-01
2014-11-01
88 42 00

SHIPPED BY
NEW-COME
INC.

HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU
SINCE
THAT
CRUISE
YEARS AGO—
BUT IT'S SO
LATE NOW.
...IT

SAID YOU MUST
HELP ME. THE
JACKALS AFTER ME.
MY MEN HAVE
BEEN WITHIN MY
HOUSE FOR DAYS!

THE
JACKSON
BUT
WATY

THEY'RE ASKED BY
MAD MONTEY (WHERE
THERE'S A MILLION
IN BURKEN GOLD!!
BUT THEY'LL NOT
GET IT - TOMORROW
I'M SELLING IT TO
DAVID FORBES
THE PROMOTOR!





NEXT DAY—A STRANGE FIGURE
CLIMBS THE STAIRS OF SHOPPER
BLY'S LODGINGS.



WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEONE'S UP
THERE!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S
PROFESSOR TRUMBULL.
MAD HAS INVENTED A METHOD
OF SALVAGING SUNKEN SHIPS
AT GREAT DEPTHS—SO
HE'S AFTER THE MAP...
THEN HE MUST BE THE
JACKAL!



SUDDENLY THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN
TURNS AND LEAPS AT MADAM FATAL.



GO AWAY!
IT'S
MINE!

THEN THE JACKAL'S MEN RUSH IN.



WE'RE COMING
BOSS!
GRAB THE
OLD LADY,
BOYS!



DON'T BOTHER
COMING UP, BOYS!
HERE HE IS—



TAKE
THAT,
GRANDMA!

THE ASTONISHED THUGS GAPE AT
THE BROKEN MIRROR.



THE
MAP!

SUDDENLY A VOICE SPEAKS...



I'LL TAKE THE
MAP, MADAM!
BLY WANTED
FIFTY GRAND
FOR IT BUT
NOW IT'S MINE
FOR NOTHING!

IT'S PAXTON
ROBBES!
BLY SPOKE
OF SELLING
HIM THE
MAP... I'LL
PLAY HIS
GAME FOR
AWHILE!

SO YOU AND YOUR MEN KILLED
BLY, EH TRUMBULL? WITH
YOUR MODERN EQUIPMENT
WE'RE GOING TO LOOK FOR
THE TREASURE—AFTER
THAT THIS LADY AND
I ARE TURNING YOU
OVER TO THE
POLICE!



SUITS
ME
FINE!

THAT NIGHT, A DUSKY MOON SHINES DOWN AS TRUMBULL'S BARGE BEGINS OPERATIONS TO SALVAGE THE SUNKEN FRIGATE "CORSAIR."



IN THE MAIN CABIN

WELL, MADAM FATAL, YOU WERE GRAND IN HELPING ME FIND THE MAP AND NABbing TRUMBULL!!

THANKS FORBES—GUESS I'LL GO BELOW AND LOOK AROUND!



BELOW DECK

WONDER WHAT THAT FELLOW'S DOING DOWN HERE—LOOKS LIKE HE'S GUARDING SOMETHING!

MOVE ALONG, LADY... THERE'S NOTHIN' HERE!



HIDING THE FALLEN THUG MADAM FATAL THEN OPENS THE METAL DOOR.....



GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S A MAN IN HERE... BOUND AND GAGGED!

PROFESSOR TRUMBULL! WHY I JUST SAW YOU UP ON DECK A MINUTE AGO—WAIT! YOU'RE THE—

YES! THE REAL TRUMBULL—I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE FOR WEEKS. IT'S ALL FORBES'S SKULLDUGGERY!



FOR WEEKS HE HOUNDED BLY INTO THINKING A CROOK CALLED THE JACKAL WAS AFTER THE MAP—HIS PLAN WAS TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK I WAS THE JACKAL AND THEN TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE AS BLY'S KILLER, AFTER HE GOT THE TREASURE

SO, THAT TRUMBULL I MET AT BLY'S HOUSE TODAY WAS ONE OF HIS OWN MEN—HE'S UP ON DECK THIS MINUTE!!

YES! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



A FEW MINUTES LATER TWO FIGURES EMERGE FROM BELOW DECK....

LOOK! THERE'S THE FAKE NOW, PROFESSOR—LET'S GO!



AS THE BOGUS TRUMBULL
WATCHES OPERATIONS...



OKAY PROFESSOR! HE'S
BOUND AND GAGGED—YOU CAN
TAKE HIS PLACE... I'VE GOT
TO TAKE CARE OF DAXTON
FORBES, THE REAL
JACKAL!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARGE

IT WON'T
BE LONG
NOW
MADAM
FATAL!



THIS IS YOUR DOING!
YOU WENT BELOW
DECK AND FREED
TRUMBULL—
GRAB HER
MEN!!



GRAB
WHO?



AS THE FIERY MADAM FATAL
BRINGS TERROR INTO THE TUGS'
HEARTS, DAXTON FORBES ACTS



BUT SUDDENLY...



HERE'S A
RIDDLE, PROF—
WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
A JACKAL,
DAXTON
FORBES
AND A RAT?



HMM—NODE
I DON'T
KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE
OR IS
THAT
THE
ANSWER!

OFF THE RECORD

"IT'S A WOUND STRIKE... I CAUGHT MY FINGER IN THE DOOR!"



"I'M PUTTING SOAP IN HIS WATER... HE SAID A NAUGHTY WORD!"



"SO LONG, DEAR... I GOTTA RUSH OUT AND MEET A MAN ON BUSINESS!"



CUSTOMS

"REMEMBER, IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY IF YOU FIND ANYTHING!"



"HE CAN'T TRUST ME TO LOOK AT THIS SUIT OUTSIDE!"



"SHAKE JEEVES, WE'LL MAKE THIS A GENTLEMAN'S-GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT!"



The

CLOCK



THE CLOCK IS THE MORTAL ENEMY OF THOSE WHO MOVE IN CRIME'S SHADOWS. AND HE IS REALLY BRIAN O'BRIEN, HANDSOME MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, HIS ABLE ASSISTANT, PUG BRADY IS HIS PERFECT "DOUBLE".

WE SAID A STAR IN

KILLER KALE DIES TONIGHT.

AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT, KALE WILL PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR KILLING OFFICER O'DOLE.

AND AT 11:45 PM. HE TOWELS THE LAST HILE ---



SUDDENLY HE SHOUTS IN DEFIANCE ---

IF YA THINK A FEW DRAGONS CAN SNUCK TH' LIFE OUTA ME, YED CRAZY-- I'LL BE BACK-- I'LL BE BACK!!



THE CLOSING OF THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR SHUTS OUT THE HIGH-PITCHED VOICE OF THE SCREAMING KILLER--

AT MIDNIGHT, THE LIGHTS IN THE TOWNS OF WREATHMOOR DIM SLOWLY AND ---



AT 12:01 THE DEBSON DOCTOR SPOKES ---

I PROOUNCE THIS MAN DEAD!



AND THE BODY OF KALE IS
PUSHED TO THE MORGUE FOR
AN AUTOPOSTY--



THE NEXT MORNING--

KALE'S BODY BURNED IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

THE MORGUE WAGON
CARRYING KILLER KALE
COLLIDED WITH A
TRUCK IN A HEAD-ON
COLLISION EARLY THIS
MORNING. THE TWO
CARS BURST INTO
FLAME AND THE
BODY OF KALE WAS
BURNED BEYOND
RECOGNITION.

AND THAT NIGHT--

OUGH,
CHUCK IN
BODY BUT
HERE?



A FEW HOURS LATER IT IS
DISCOVERED BY A GARDEN-ETH

NEARBY, THE CLOCK DISCOVERS
THE KALE ACCIDENT WITH HIS
ABLE ASSISTANT, PUG--



WHUE'S DEAD--
I MUST NOTIFY
THE D-POLICE!



YOU HEAR
ANYTHING
NEW ON
THE KALE
STORY
BOSS?

NO, BUT
TURN ON
THE RADIO--



--THERE MAY
BE SOME FURTHER
NEWS ON
IT!

SHHH--
LISTEN!



THE BODY FOUND ON
COUNTY ROAD TODAY WAS
BEING IDENTIFIED AS
DOUGLASS JENNINO,
FUGITIVE SCIENTIST.



PUG--THAT'S OLD
DOCK JENNINO, HE TAUGHT
ME IN COLLEGE--I LIKED
THAT MAN AND WERE
GOING TO TRACK
DOWN HIS
KILLER!









AT THE SAME TIME, THE COOK HADN'T HEARD OF THE CLOCK'S ARRIVAL - - -



AND OUTSIDE THE HOOK STREET ADDRESS - - -



WITHOUT REALIZING, THE CLOCK AND PUG ARE ATTACHED FROM BEHIND - - -





BUT KALE'S THUMB ARE SOON ON THE RECEIVING END OF THE CLOCK'S AND PUG'S BLOWS.



THAT'S THE
END OF MY
MAN!



DUST YOUR MAN
OFF, PUG - AND WE'LL
CONTINUE OUR
SEARCH!



NO SOONER
SAID THAT DONE,
BOSS!



HOW TO
FIND THAT
DAT!

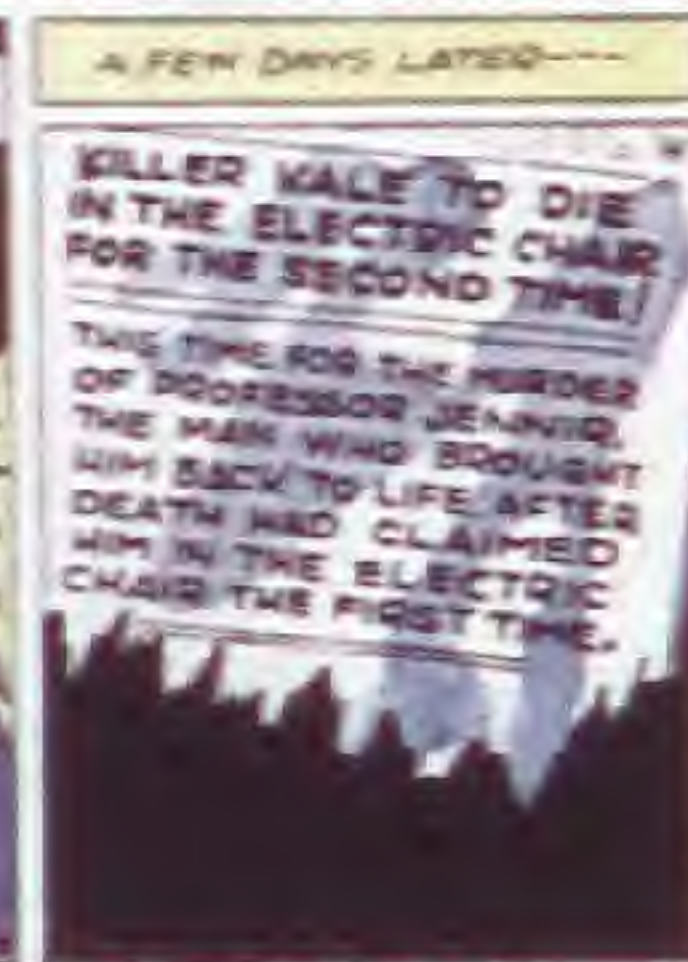


IF YOU MEAN
KALE - THAT'S
ME!



WHY
YOU...

EASY, PUG -
HE'S GOT THE
DODD ON
US!



Another exciting episode of The Clock in the November issue of CRACK COMICS.

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!"
**TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE
 SWELL GIFTS FREE** WITH SPARKIE'S
 GUARANTEE SEALS™

... BUT HURRY!
 THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
 A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
 "WRIGHT PURSUIT"

GIRLS!
 Get this
**NURSE
 OUTFIT!**

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5¢



Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "Nurse"—don't let you be left out when you get for your very own, this beautiful new-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron has a built-in official shape Cap also around your head! And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official "Secret Guard Hospital" Don't miss out on this—need is now!

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 with
 1 Sparkie's
 Guarantee Seal

**AMAZING FOLDING-WING
 CATAPULT
 PLANE** Like a Real
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Very special plane with new built-in folding wings to give it the battle and speed of a real fighter on complete principle, like a battleship's fighter plane. As you fly, wings fold back and plane looks, moves, glides and turns like a perfect real fighter! Built of beautiful, special Balsa wood with "fold" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's a lot of fun to play! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "Wright Pursuit" games!

FREE
 with
 1 Sparkie's
 Guarantee Seal



**HI-SPEEDERS!
 YOU NEED
 AVIATOR
 GOGGLES**

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect their eyes when like riding, racing, etc. Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for most comfortable fit. Adjust to fit your head!

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 "SILENT
 WHISTLE"**

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond or to answer your friends and family! Solid brass whistle also allows to blow piercing Golden Whistle and to play new notes!

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 with
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 Guarantee Seal

FREE
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 Guarantee Seal



**GIANT
 NINE-INCH
 PERISCOPE**

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscope because it works three ways! Let you see around corners without being seen—let you see in back of you without turning around—let you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

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 with
 1 Sparkie's
 Guarantee Seal

**EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES® AND GET MARVELOUS FREE
 GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain" BESIDES!**

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 35, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B, D and G to sweet-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk, I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me have Sparkies every day, so I'm reading in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals for..... Seals and..... 15

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals for 2 Seals and 15¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE CAP
1 Seal for 2 Seals and 15¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE APRON
1 Seal for 2 Seals and 15¢ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals for 2 Seals and 15¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals for 2 Seals and 15¢ | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals for 2 Seals and 15¢ |

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 24, 1941)

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were built for fast starts



Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



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Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

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footwork. That's
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the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork.



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